Scenes and Persons in the Current News

1—View in Addis Ababa, capital of Ethiopia, which was looted and burned by natives after the flight of Emperor Haile Selassie. 2—Senator J. G. Townsend, Jr., crowning Miss Cornelia Ann Larus queen of the thirteenth annual Apple Blossom festival at Winchester, Va. 3—Alvin Karpis, in shirtsleeves, "public enemy No. 1," arriving in St. Paul, Minn., from New Orleans, where he was captured by federal agents.

Lorado Taft Reaches 76th Birthday

The seventy-sixth birthday of Lorado Taft of Chicago, the famous sculptor, was marked by increased activity on his own part as he was found busily at work on his new group of figures depicting the Lincoln-Douglas debate of October 13, 1858, which took place at Quincy, Ill. The group, in bronze, will be placed in the city square of Quincy.

Socialist-Labor Candidate Seeks Presidency of U. S.

John W. Aiken, forty-year-old hardwood finisher of Chelsea, Mass., who has been nominated for the Presidency

by the Socialist-Labor party. A convention attended by representatives of the party, selected Aiken.

Missionary's Wife Addis Ababa Victim

Mrs. A. R. Stadin, American wife of an Adventist missionary, who was

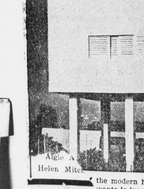
killed by a stray bullet during the looting and burning of Addis Ababa, capital of Ethiopia.

House for the Low Salaried Man

O'Neill.

This is an illustration of one of the house plans developed by the technical division of the Federal Housing administration, published in a new bulletin entitled "Principles of Planning Small Houses." The bulletin does not contain working drawings or specifications, the illustrations shown being used primarily to demonstrate the principles enclosed. It is estimated that the house shown here can be built on a concrete slab foundation at a cost ranging between $1,200 and $1,500, exclusive of the cost of the lot.

In an Italian Village for Journalists



Helen Mills

the modern houses of the Journalists' Village, now being built near Milan, Italy. The maximum tenants is housed by a system of ground insulation, and a roof garden with trees completes the tepee tops of Euclid avenue.

Hugh Bradley Says:

© New York Post.—WNU Service.

Indians Are Threat, but Lajoie's Jinx Seems Sure to Win

UNLESS the more panicky citizens really have their hearts set upon it, there is no imperative need for giving the country back to the Indians. The most dangerous tribe to scout these parts in recent years will settle for considerably less. Like Hiawatha and those other naively noble red men of the past, all they want off the world that for so long has misunderstood and mistreated them is one little strip of bright-colored cloth.

Chief Steve O'Neill will tell you that. It is his well-considered opinion that even the Oklahoma oil tribes would be pikers by comparison if his Indians ever return to Cleveland with an American League pennant.

It is a question though whether the Tribe can do it. There are reasons for doubt. One of them is the Jinx which first arrived in the Forest City along with Larry Lajoie.

This broad-shouldered Rhode Islander, who hopped off the driver's seat of a horse-drawn cab to sign his first contract on the back of an envelope, was one of the greatest of all hitters and second basemen. During all save perhaps one or two of his 15 seasons of active service he was on teams which, man for man, were proclaimed the best in the league. Yet, even though Billy Hamilton, Elmer Flick and Ed Delehanty performed by his side on one of the best of all Philadelphia teams, that club could never finish better than second.

It was the same when he came to Cleveland. He led the league in hitting, drew a tidy salary as player and manager and put the club on a paying basis. But not even such stars as Bill Bradley, Flick and Terry Turner could help him overcome his hard luck.

Year after year the Naps, so called in honor of Lajoie, whose first name was Napoleon, would be labeled as sure winners. Perhaps they would even get past mid-season that way. Then the hoodoo would start acting up.

O'Neill Has the Tribe Hustling at Fast Pace

There would be an injury. Then another. No matter if he did carry a full team of substitutes, something always was happening. Even in 1908 when they turned upon their misfortunes and made a September rally almost as pulse stronging as that of the Cubs last fall, it was no use. With only a week or two to go Frank again took hold of the club and played it as though it was an accordion.

So it was that a man who was a king of the game retired at last after never having been on a pennant winner. He also it seems that a hoodoo has continued upon the town save for that one year of 1920 when another determined king named Tris Speaker managed to make it yield. O'Neill, descendant of kings who ruled Ireland with never a thought that one day their namesake might have to go to work as chief of a Tribe, was said to be the man to do it. It is axiomatic in baseball that it is almost impossible for a team to look good when it is not hitting. Yet they have not appeared at all bad.

Those pipe-stemmed Indians of a new dispensation—such as Joe Vosmik, Bill Knickerbocker and Hal Trosky—hustle as they did not hustle while batting and make opponents look good in terrible slumps. Trosky, 15 pounds heavier than last year, stands straighter at the plate and is a better hitter even than on that May day in 1934 when he was so fortunate as to crash three successive home runs against the White Sox. Averill, when he can stay healthy, who is back again after an illness which would have caused most men to forsake the game for life, function as one of the best of outfields.

The flaming tempered Johnny Allen seems even more the pitcher he was when the Yankees were chanting their praises of him as a winning teammate. Willis Hudlin, who has been tossing his double-play ball ever since he joined the Indians in 1926, is another hurler of real merit.

Yet—even as was remarked at the start—there are reasons for doubt. Cleveland is one of the better and more excitable baseball towns and it is high time it is given another opportunity for a dance of triumph. But I greatly suspect that this is not the band of Indians to bring back the bunting in the fall while showers of gold and glory descend upon them from the Euclid avenue.

IT PROBABLY is just as well that the Congressional Record keeps the more pious fretters about the nation's naughtiness so busy that they have no time for the sports pages. Otherwise there might be considerable trouble because of the immoral manner in which certain athletes sought to improve their team's chances of winning recently.

I refer to doings in Cleveland and Philadelphia. In one of these towns Catcher Earl Grace twice brushed his mitt against the bat while a Brooklyn player was up there swinging. In the other forthright and energetic Johnny Allen kicked the ball out of Ralston Hemsley's hands on a close play at home plate. Since each of these offenses against the baseball law occurs almost daily, though, I do not mention them in any highly moral dudgeon of my own. I merely place them in their proper relation for the guidance of the ethical preceptors of the nation.

Ever since David found a way to beat the weight in his well-publicized contest with Goliath the rules of sport have been subjected to considerable monkey business. No doubt this partly has been due to the fact that healthy young men (and women) engaged in rough and vigorous competition have no time to be bothered with the strict letter of some code. No doubt, there also have been other reasons. I make no comment now. Instead, I recite some incidents from the crowded lives of those who compete for gold, for glory or for both.

There was, for instance, the old Orioles device of persuading runners to linger at third base. John McGraw, probably the best mind ever produced by baseball, was the originator of that one. He merely grabbed the runner by the belt and held him while the umpire's attention was elsewhere.

There also are certain episodes which may be mentioned in connection with purely amateur sports affairs, lest it be considered that too much stress is given here to the carryings-on of the pros.

When Don Meade imitated a regiment of Comanches, while winning a Kentucky Derby several seasons ago, there were numerous high-class folks who deeply deplored such tactics. It was a highly enlightening sight but scarcely as entertaining as a hunts meeting once held in an Eastern state. One of the events was for lady riders and it was evident from the start that only two of the gals had a chance. The two took their duties seriously. For the first furlong the third tried to ride one another onto the rail. The next quarter was enlivened by each miss endeavoring to retard the speed of her opponent's horse by tugging at the saddle.

After that they really got down to business. They finished the race whipping. But, for once, both horses got a look. The two sportswomen were using the whips on one another.

Golf and Tennis Also Had Their Moments

Golf also had its moments. Once—this is for the greater education of those who squawk that the United States has the exclusive privileges in such lines—an American went to England to compete in a tournament. His short game was top hot but he was not a long driver. The Britain he opposed in the final could hit them a mile. For the greater glory of the homeland the tournament committee moved the tees back 20 yards or so farther away from the greens.

That being almost as good as the time—only three or four seasons removed from the present—when the hospitable French soaked their tennis courts so that their soft-game players would not be inconvenienced against hard-hitting Americans.

Not in the Box Score:

John Titus, the last of the mustachioed big-time ball players previous to the appearance of Frenchy Bordagaray, always chewed a toothpick while batting . . . Roy Thomas, another famous Philly outfielder, used to don a pair of fingerless kid gloves when he reached first base. That was the sign that he was preparing to steal second and did not wish to get his hands dirty while sliding.

Phil Scott, who was bowled over more often than Jack Doyle, but who got far more money for it, now wants to manage the Irish tenor. Claims that he can make him heavyweight champion in two years . . . When he was a youngster Tommy Loughran's great admiration was for the defensive skill of Jack Johnson. The two master boxers met for the first time at a Philadelphia ringside recently and gabbed far on into the night about the fistic art . . . Milton Bakst, the very able newspaper salesman who brought joy to so many bookmakers, finally has picked a winner. He got married the other day . . . The three Tetzel brothers, Andrew, Eddie and Paul, have good reason for being soccer stars. Their dad, Bela Tetzel, was one of Vienna's best backs in the nineties.

The Hearst A. C. is vexed at Mike Jacobs because he insists that charity ought to be satisfied with 10 per cent of the Louis-Schmeling gross receipts . . . Bill Terry never dons his sliding pads until a few seconds before game time. Says they give him too much extra weight to carry during practice . . . Kay Force, the ex-jockey who now is a trainer, gallops as many as twenty horses a morning. Three and four is the average for the little exercise boys.

SONG AN

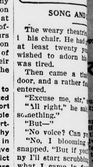
The weary thing
1 his chair. He ha
at least twenty p
wished to adorn h
was tired.

Then came a
door, and a rather
entered.

"Excuse me, sir,
"All right," he a
something."

"But—"

"No voice? Can
No, I blooming
snapped. "But if you
ay I'll start scrubbin
what I came in



DISAPP

She—You said it
should want for not
He—With your d
dreamed either of

Going Jimmy

Brown was takin
the zoo.

When they came t
youngster asked,
dy?"

"That's one of
boy."

"Gee! I wish I
Jimmy Peabody w
about his that came
flower."—Boston Tr

Quite a
A sailor dropped
of a ship of war sing
feet and fell plump
first lieutenant.

"Stupid!" said th
had gathered hims
"Where do you come from?"

"Sure, I came from

No Pleasur

"Is a retirement th
to read and rest and
dreams of your life

"It's no pleasant
Senator Sorghum.

Paying

He—May I have
Clerk—(haughtily
of the house)

He—Heck, no. Fr
—Royal Arcanum B

Unhindered

"I suppose you d
with the star of yes
"Never met him,
fellow did come, isn't it likely
the guy that killed Kelly?"

CHAPTER IV

BEFORE AN

long after one o'clock when
was one of the Tombs.
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to take her "home" to the
ers, where she fed
dlers fired. In the upper
of her protests,
kept his word
that hundred and fifty. "It
ought to
get together Monday, after
ve seen Winslow. I'll be around
o'clock."

two now—a warmish Sat-
afternoon. Nearly forty-eight
he could hope to find the
ompassive hotel would
registered at one a few blocks
ery's. "Barry Gilbert," he

his new residence. Barry went
ator, and enabled Mrs. Ridder
message read:

good stop water-wagon and
of a job stop friend of mine
Florida looked up for murder
ridder stop can you arrange
re up to two thousand dollars
ou'll see unless necessary for
and will return every penny stop
Winslow lawyer for con-
if desired stop this is my big
do something worth while
fied details all's well don't
look love,

John."

ded that two thousand quick,"
ought. "Winslow'll want a re-
and there'll be a lot of other
Barry wondered what to do
a forty-eight hours. "I'll stroll
Kelly's place," he decided,
e at the race-over."

Sixth avenue, he turned into
ar, and stopped before what
olds were calling "the scene
murder." It was an old-fash-
d-brick home, with a tiny win-
d a heavy front door. A po-
stood guard, and a group of
ons loitered as near as they

"That woman has
band nearly insane
ngsmen."

"He was dippy
he married her."

Natural

"What ever chose
nes over there?"
Englishman.

"Those are not
the American,
busy on one of
ects."—Cincinnati

Difficult

"Can you laugh
philosophers advise
"Perhaps I might
Senator Sorghum.
stely cultivate a ha

Reversin

"A woman always
remarked the cynic
"Not in our home
ton. "I make it a
Henrietta has the
I can agree as lovin

Improv

"In my opinion,"
tossel, "that hotel
very remarkable im
"Why do you s
"Because so many
things that ought t

Synthetic Gentleman

CHANNING POLLOCK

Copyright, Channing Pollock WNU Service.

SYNOPSIS

Remarkable; Barry thought, how people could stand staring at anything connected with a tragedy.

There was another little group at the corner, where workmen were putting in a new traffic light standard. Broken off short, its predecessor lay on the pavement. Having nothing better to do, Barry asked, "What's the excitement?"

"Taxi smash."

"When?"

"Just before two o'clock yesterday morning. Killed a woman. Crushed her right up against that post. Broke it off short. Don't seem possible."

No wonder the Judge was "upset."

Curious, Barry thought, these two violent deaths within a few yards and a few hours of each other. Curious, too, that the Judge's stroll should have brought him so near the house in which Kelly lay murdered, but no more remarkable than the series of events that had involved Barry in the whole affair. "Life's full of coincidences," Barry mused. "It's only in fiction that people pay much attention to 'em. Winslow said the Judge went for a walk, and that's the simplest explanation of the whole matter.

He was at the attorney's office before ten o'clock on Monday morning. He was ushered into the pleasantly furnished corner room that was Peter's. The lawyer rose, as Barry entered, and came forward, one hand outstretched, and the other holding a newspaper. "The early bird, eh?"

"I'm not exactly looking for worms," Barry replied. "I want that position we were talking about, if I can get it, but, just now, I'm a lot more interested in this Kelly murder. You've read about that, I suppose."

Peter nodded.

"I saw the headlines after you left the Hamblidges on Friday," he said. "I didn't bother about it much then. But, this morning, I found Saturday's Herald Tribune on my desk. And, of course, I'm always interested in murders."

"I know the boy who's accused of this crime," Barry said.

"You do? That's exciting. Tell me about it."

Barry did, omitting only the detail of Ridder's identity.

"I met them in Florida," he related. "Rogers worked in a hotel there. I liked the girl even then. She'd been putting up such a game fight to make a man of her husband, and was succeeding so wonderfully. I suppose I'm the only friend they've got around here, and that's why she came to me."

Winslow listened sympathetically.

"That sort of thing always gets me," he observed. "A woman tied up to some man who's not worthy of her, and in love with him."

"This boy's not so bad," Barry argued. "And it's a lead-pipe cinch that he didn't kill Kelly."

"Think so."

"Dead sure."

"All right. Make me sure."

Barry tried.

"There was someone else coming when Jack left," he concluded. "If he came, he either found Kelly dead, in which case he'd've given the alarm, or he found Kelly alive, in which case, of course, Jack didn't kill him."

"Very ingenious," Peter remarked. "But what makes you think someone else was coming?"

"That's why Kelly fired Jack out."

"Who says so?"

"Jack—and Peggy."

"Not very conclusive," Peter objected.

"Who do you think did it?"

"I'm not concerned as to who did it," Peter declared. "Only as to who didn't."

"Jack didn't. You'd know that if you looked at him."

"I feel sorry for the girl. I'll go down to see Rogers. Somebody ought to get busy and find out, why not? And, if Rogers did come, isn't it likely

CHAPTER III—Continued

you ever see Kelly?"

Quite a

enormous. Must have been
two in his stockings. I'm five-
nine, I'd've had to stand
air to bite him on top of the

he was sitting in one."

body wasn't anywhere near a
ow against the door to
The paper says so. The
through the dining
got out through the hall
no one saw me. How did I do
ar against it?"

things: The lights were
full tilt when I left. I could
's shadow on the blinds as
ame to the door. There
ay still burning when the but-
ell. And, who turned 'em out?
the other item?"

ttle crux of the
business," Jack answered.
ished on just because the
ang, and the fellow that was
coming over to talk to him.
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and will return every penny stop
Winslow lawyer for con-
if desired stop this is my big
do something worth while
fied details all's well don't
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murder." It was an old-fash-
d-brick home, with a tiny win-
d a heavy front door. A po-
stood guard, and a group of
ons loitered as near as they

But there was nothing doing at Jamison Winslow's.

"I'm sorry," he said, "but we're laying off men every day now. Why aren't you on your father's newspaper?"

"My father and I haven't been very friendly."

"So I've heard. But I've got an idea. That's what I wanted to talk to you about."

It was quite a simple idea.

"We place thousands of dollars worth of advertising with The Globe. And I know the city editor pretty well. His name's Harwood. If I gave you a letter to Ernie, and he gave you a job, and you made good while the boss is in Europe, wouldn't that square things when he got back?"

Barry grinned.

"It might," he said, "and then again it might not."

"What I heard," Jamison Winslow went on, "was that your father wanted you in his business. If that's true, he'd certainly be pleased at your going in."

"I'd like to succeed on my own."

"Well, why not? We don't have to tell Harwood who you are. Not in the beginning, anyway."

"That is an idea," Barry agreed. "Since the row, I've been calling myself Barry Gilbert."

"Not a bad pen name," Jamison Winslow declared. "All right; we'll stick to it. I've a hunch that you'd make a good newspaper man."

"That's what your brother said."

"Then you've talked with him?"

"Yes, sir."

"Wait a minute. I'll put you next to somebody who'll introduce you at police headquarters. We've got that angle covered, of course, but we'd better be in touch there. What I want you to do is to follow your own leads. Bring in something."

"Roth, come here!" he called. "I want you to take Mr. Gilbert down to the homicide bureau."

Nothing seemed entirely impossible that bright mid-May morning, as Barry swung into Broadway.

Up to now, he owed everything to his impostures—that first stake, the clothes he wore, Peter Winslow's favor, and all that had followed. They constituted an amazingly fortuitous chain of circumstances. Roth, who had lifted him to solid ground, "It's up to me now," Barry said, feeling square with himself, and the world, and strangely gay and self-confident.

"I'm going to start right," he said, "by paying those bills, and giving Peggy the rest of that two hundred. I'm going to figure up my board and room at Southampton, and give her that, too. A fellow like me can't afford to be crooked."

(TO BE CONTINUED)

Speed of Sound

The speed with which sound travels through various materials varies greatly. In air, sound waves move 1,087 feet per second. They move through water nearly five times as fast as through air, and through hard dense materials such as steel and glass the sound waves travel from 12 to 20 times as fast as through air.

IMPROVED UNIFORM INTERNATIONAL
SUNDAY SCHOOL Lesson

By REV. P. B. FITZWATER, D. D.
Member of Advisory Board, Moody Bible Institute of Chicago.
© Western Newspaper Union.

Lesson for May 31

THE LAST SUPPER

LESSON TEXT—Luke 22:7-23.
GOLDEN TEXT—This do in remembrance of me.—Luke 22:19.
PRIMARY TOPIC—The Supper Jesus Gave His Friends.
JUNIOR TOPIC—The Lord's Supper.
INTERMEDIATE AND SENIOR TOPIC—What the Lord's Supper Means to Me.
YOUNG PEOPLE AND ADULT TOPIC—What the Lord's Supper Meant to Jesus.

The last meal that Jesus ate with his disciples was the Passover, the memorial of the national deliverance which pointed to the supreme deliverance to be effected by Christ on the cross of Calvary. In connection with this Passover, the feast of the new covenant was instituted. This feast also has a double import. It looks backward to the great deliverance wrought through Christ's atoning death, and forward to the even greater deliverance which He shall accomplish at His second coming. (1 Cor. 11:26).

I. The Last Passover (vv. 7-15).

1. The Passover prepared (vv. 7-13).

a. As the time had arrived for the killing of the Passover, Jesus directed Peter and John to make ready for it (v. 8).

b. The disciples inquired (v. 9) where they should prepare the Passover. Doubtless, they were eager to be of service to their Master and Lord.

c. Jesus gave strange directions (vv. 10-12), that they should go into the city, where they would find a man bearing a pitcher of water. The custom was for women to carry the water. This unusual occurrence would make it the easier for them to recognize the man of whom they would ask, "Where is the guest chamber where I shall eat the Passover with my disciples?"

d. The disciples gave unquestioning obedience (v. 13), not permitting the unusual instructions to raise the question of sanity or reasonableness. Jesus, because he was omniscient, knew just how the matter would turn out, and the disciples found it even so.

2. The Passover eaten (vv. 14-18).

a. The historic group around that table (v. 14) was composed of Jesus and the Twelve, the apostles.

b. Jesus' words to the disciples (vv. 15-18).

(1) "I have desired to eat this Passover with you before I suffer" (v. 15). He desired to show them the meaning of the passion through which he was to go. He also craved their human sympathy as he passed through this terrible ordeal.

(2) "I will not any more eat thereof until it be fulfilled in the kingdom of God" (v. 16). His death was the antitypical fulfilment of the Passover meal. He declared that this would be the last time that they could share together this sacred ordinance before the completion of his mediatorial work.

(3) "Take this cup and divide it among ourselves" (vv. 17, 18). By the token of the cup the disciples were partaking of the shed blood. This cup should be distinguished from the cup of the feast of the new covenant.

II. The Feast of the New Covenant (vv. 19, 20).

This feast took place at the close of the pascal supper.

1. The bread a symbol of Christ's body (v. 19). As bread nourishes and strengthens our bodies, so Christ is food to our spiritual nature. Unless the body receives nourishment, it decays. Unless our souls feed upon Christ, we shall perish. Christ's giving the physical bread to his disciples signified the giving of himself to them.

2. The cup a symbol of Christ's blood (v. 20). He said, "This cup is the new testament in my blood which was shed for you," indicating that each one must personally accept the atonement provided by the shedding of his blood.

III. The Treachery of Judas (vv. 21-23).

1. The time of its manifestation (v. 21). As the disciples were eating the last Passover that Jesus made announcement of the betrayal. Perhaps Jesus was in this manner offering Judas an opportunity at this last moment to repent.

2. The betrayal was by the determinate counsel of God (v. 22, cf. Acts 2:23). Nothing takes place by chance. Even the sinful acts of wicked men come within the permissive providence of God. This does not, however, lessen the guilt of sinners, for Jesus said, "Woe unto that man by whom he is betrayed."

3. The sorrowful question (v. 23). That the disciples were not suspicious of one another is evident from the personal nature of the question they asked, "Lord, is it I?" (Matt. 26:22). Well may each believer ask if he is in any way betraying his Savior and Lord.

True Happiness

Genuine happiness is the delicate perfume of a holy life. The sanctified soul exhales happiness as the flowers emit sweet odors. Heaven is a tropical garden of conscious spirits and its atmosphere is laden with happiness as the normal product of their purity.—D. C. Knowles.

A Purpose in Life

Have a purpose in life, and having it, throw into your work such strength of mind and muscle as God has given you.

TALL TALES

As Told to

FRANK E. HAGAN *and* ELMO SCOTT WATSON

Tremendous Turnip

THINGS are done in a big way, down in the Ozarks.

That's what Len R. Mitchell learned on his journey to Hot Springs, Ark.

Mitch stayed overnight in the cabin of a hospitable mountaineer, and after supper had been disposed of and the hound dogs fed, he and his host discussed life's problems.

"I cleared four square acres here when I moved in, built this cabin and an eight-foot fence from the timber," recited the mountaineer.

"Then I planted the land to corn that wouldn't grow. Next I tried a field of turnips. The only turnip that came up was exactly in the center of my cleared ground but the growing it made me mighty mad for the failure of the rest of the crop.

"That turnip grew and grew and nothing would stop it. I just wish those turnips that didn't come up could have seen it. My, but they'd been ashamed.

"Well sir, before I could harvest that lusty vegetable it got so big it pushed down my eight-foot fence on all four sides."

On his return home, Mitch stopped again at the cabin. And he was questioned by the mountaineer.

"What's going on in the city?" asked that worthy. "Any manufacturing?"

"Yes," answered Mitch, "where I went they are building the largest kettle ever known. It's 440 feet across and 70 feet high."

"What in tarnation will they use it for?" asked the Ozarkian.

"They'll cook your turnip in it," replied Mitchell.

The Deflated Bear

BRIEF as the deer hunting season is, hundreds of city dwellers invade the Wisconsin woods every fall.

Two of them established a camp consisting of cabin, supply of canned food and condiments, and a nearby spring for drinking purposes.

One day, and this is vouched for by August Co[illegible]enig, American Legion leader in Illinois, the hunters returned to camp and found they had left the door of the cabin open.

Bear tracks were sprinkled liberally outside and within the cabin signs of an invasion were unmistakable. Canned goods weren't disturbed but a six-pound bag of dried apples and a two-pound sack of salt were missing.

The huntsmen sped immediately to the spring and found the bear had knelt there for a long draft to wash down his salty luncheon.

Following the trail again, the hunters traveled only 200 yards when they discovered Mr. Bruin, growling helplessly and swollen to immoderate proportions. The long drink had made the dried apples swell and the bear's expanding stomach had grown larger and larger until finally his feet no longer touched the ground.

The four-cornered balloon was at once dispatched by the nimrods. Before securing the pelt, one of them, who was musically inclined, deflated the bear by inserting a reed instrument in its side and puncturing the finger movement for such tunes as "Over the Waves," as the bloat subsided.

When the bear was completely deflated the hunter had become recognized as an accomplished musician.

Pale as Paste

HS personal physician, Doctor Ramsey, once conceited a sticking substance of unparelleled strength, asserts Harry W. Ewert of the Chicago Board of Trade weighing department.

"The doctor kept the ingredients of his great invention secret," Ewert says. "But I can tell you it was composed partly of a mixture of parboiled Sabbooks, mustard plasters and worn out Scotch pocketbooks.

"My friend's only difficulty was in obtaining capital necessary for its manufacture in bulk. So he decided to demonstrate its holding qualities.

"The doctor wheeled out his small stunt plane one day and hired an aviator to fly it. He dropped a small line, approximately the dimensions of a human hair, from the plane and grabbed ahold of it. Then he clung tight while the aviator made a perfect takeoff.

"Doctor Ramsey rode through the air with the greatest of ease for more than two hours, dangling from the hairline, which of course, was fastened to the plane by the sticking liquid.

"When they alighted it was necessary to burn away three and three-quarter inches of the plane's surface with an acetylene torch in order to detach the hair.

"The doc was pale as paste after his adventure but the demonstration proved a boon to everyone, including the manufacturer who sold doc a new plane."

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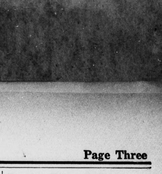
Reducing Gold Chloride

When a solution of gold chloride is reduced to gold under carefully controlled conditions the metal is formed in particles whose diameter is of the order of a millionth of an inch. Such particles, writes Dr. Thomas M. Beck, in the Chicago Tribune, are entirely too small to settle out of solution within any measurable time interval. Moreover, they possess electrical charges, quite small ones, but sufficient to prevent them from sticking together and forming larger particles.

Persian Kitten Is Easy to Do in Cross Stitch



Pattern 1148

How would you like to find this cute Persian kitten curled up in your favorite chair, or in a pretty frame above your bed? Embroider a pillow or picture with her soft likeness, as you can do so easily in cross stitch, and make her adoption complete. Use wool, silk or cotton floss, though angora yarn makes the most realistic likeness. You'll love doing this needlework in your spare time, and find the crosses an easy 6 to the inch.

Pattern 1148 comes to you with a transfer pattern of a kitten 11½ by 13¾ inches; material requirements; illustrations of all stitches needed; color chart and key.

Send 15 cents in coins or stamps (coins preferred) to The Sewing Circle, Needlecraft Dept., 82 Eighth Ave., New York, N. Y.

ROBOT EXPLORERS ARE SENT UP INTO THE STRATOSPHERE

The secrets of the sky are being discovered by balloons. These robot explorers climb ten miles into the stratosphere from Kew observatory, where they are launched by Professor Paneth. On reaching the ten-mile limit they burst, and the vacuum flask, carried by each, opens automatically, collects a sample of air, rescals itself and floats home by parachute. Self-registering instruments record the temperature and the maximum height reached.

Their main object is to discover what happens to helium, the rare gas which is set free when radio-active materials break down into commoner elements such as lead, a process that takes thousands of years.

The balloons also explore thunder clouds in order to find out how the source of atmospheric electricity is replenished. Little pilot balloons calculate the height of clouds. Their rising speed is constant, and the number of seconds they take to disappear shows the height of the lower cloud layer. Twenty-two miles is the soaring record of an unmanned balloon.—Tit-Bits.

Persistent Constipation Relieved

"I used Cardui, when a girl, for cramps, and it helped them, writes Mrs. Ike Wright, of Sealy, Texas. Next, after marriage, she reports having taken Cardui when she felt weak, nervous and restless before her children were born. And during middle life, it helped her again.

"I was miserable," she explains, "I did not have an appetite. I was very blue and upset. I remembered Cardui had helped me, so I took it. It helped me right from the start, and I got back my strength. I kept up the Cardui and did not have any more trouble. Is it any wonder that I recommend Cardui to all my friends?"

Thousands of women testify Cardui benefited them. If it does not benefit YOU, consult a physician.

A Merry Chase

Correspondent wants to know if debt collecting is a profession. Usually, I think, it's a pursuit.

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BILIOUSNESS
WNU—4 22—36

SURE WAY TO KILL ANTS
Sprinkle Peterman's Ant Food along window sills, doors, any place where ants come and go. Peterman's kills them—red ants, black ants, and others. Quick. Safe. Guaranteed effective 24 hours a day. Get Peterman's Ant Food now. 25c, 35c and 60c at your druggist's.
PETERMAN'S ANT FOOD

STOP PAIN QUICK WITH CAPUDINE

Headache, neuralgic, and periodic pains and other nerve pains yield almost instantly to Capudine. This is because Capudine is liquid, and its ingredients are already dissolved—all ready to act.

Capudine relieves pain by soothing the tense muscles and nerves. That's why it is so gentle and effective. It is approved by physicians and druggists. Capudine contains no opiates. At all drug stores; 60c, 30c, 10c sizes. (Adv.)

Ambitious Man

Ambitious men, if they be checked in their desires, become strictly discontented and look upon men and matters with an evil eye.—Bacon.